

# THE SPIRIT OF DEMOCRACY.

A Family Newspaper—Devoted to Politics, Foreign and Domestic News, Literature, the Arts and Sciences, Education, Agriculture, Markets, Amusements &c.

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## THE SPIRIT OF DEMOCRACY.

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WOODSFIELD, OHIO.

Loans Made and Negotiated.

Exchange, Gold and Silver Coins bought and sold.

Interest paid on Special Deposits.

Buy and sell Government and County Bonds.

Make collections on all points promptly.

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Headstones, and all articles usually man-

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Persons desiring to purchase will find it to

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MARBLE WORKERS,

Monuments, Tombs and Tablets.

American and Scotch Granite Mon-

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Also, have made arrangements with a firm in

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AT REDUCED PRICES!

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Keeps constantly on hand a large supply of

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Of Men, Women, Youths, Misses and Chil-

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Boot and Shoe House.

Have removed to the

New, Large and Elegant Four-Story

IRON-FRONT WAREHOUSE,

No. 253 Liberty Street,

PITTSBURGH, PA.

5 DOORS FROM HEAD OF WOOD STREET.

THE LOWEST EASTERN RATES.

april 6.

## Poetry.

"MOTHER, DO NOT SHUT THE

DOOR!"

BY ROBERT B. JOHNSON.

[The last words of "Tad" Lincoln to

his mother, as she left the room, in a pa-

roxysm of grief, were, "Mother, do not

shut the door!"]

Do not leave me, mother, darling!

Give me one fond, parting kiss!

Beckoning me, I see the angels

In their home of heavenly bliss.

I am getting weaker, mother,

And I soon shall cross the door!

Let me rest my eyes upon you;

Mother, do not shut the door!

Mother, dear, have you forgotten,

When the war was in the land,

And any father was the chiefest

Of the glorious Union band?

And the drummer boy whose brother

Was court-martialed in the war—

Why, you're crying! Do not leave me!

Mother do not shut the door!

"Just because the poor sick stripling

Slept an hour while standing guard,

He must die and leave poor mother,

Heaven help us! it is hard!"

Then my father, good, kind-hearted,

Told him he need not cry no more,

"God has heard your fervent praying,

For He never shuts the door!"

Mother, dear, bend low and listen:

What the Savior says is true,

And He said, "As you show mercy,

Meekly I will show you."

Now I see my father pleading,

As the drummer boy of yore,

Softly, mother! See the angels,

Holding wide the open door!

Several days afterward, Rufus Branson

heard his dogs in the timber, down by

the river, and knowing that they never

opened without a bark, he caught up

his rifle and hastened to where they

were barking. They had struck a fresh

beaver trail, and as he arrived in sight

he fairly lifted it, going in a straight line

down the river.

The chase led him several miles, and

when, at last, he got to the spot that

he had been told of, he found that it was

three or four o'clock in the afternoon.

Swinging his gun to a sapling, out

of reach of cat or wolf, he started home

for the gray mare and return to fetch

it at night.

Thinking that he had passed through

the timber on the western side, where the

timber grew up to within a few rods of

the building, and consequently he could

not see the clearing or what was trans-

piring there until he had passed through

the wood.

That was when within a short

distance of his home, he heard a wild,

piercing shriek. He could only guess

that something terrible must be taking

place beyond the screen of bushes and

leaves.

Uttering a loud shout, that his pres-

ence might sooner be known, Branson

sprang forward with leaps of a wounded

beast, a great fear at his heart, for he

too clearly recognized in that scream the

anguished voice of his wife.

It took but a moment for him to clear

the intervening timber and undergrowth.

As he had just cleared the thicket, he

found his wife lying on the ground, her

arms outstretched, and her staring eyes

fixed upon the precipitous heights, upon

which the figure of an Indian warrior

was struggling.

"My child! my child!" was all the

woman said, and then Rufus Branson

saw that the bundle borne in the Indian's

arms was the form of their only child,

little Maggie.

Firm of heart, and nerves steady as

the rocks around, the father for a mo-

ment actually quailed—covered under

his hat, he had been so long in the

deadly peril of his little one.

But he was quick to recover.

The Indian was drawing away step by

step—he was increasing the distance—

and as he occasionally glanced back-

ward and downward, the parents saw in

his face the gleam of a cruel, fiendish

purpose that actuated the abductor.

"God aid me!" Branson muttered, as

he raised his rifle, glanced through the

sights and touched the trigger.

The Indian started violently at the

shot. He was hit, but not badly, and

with a yell of devilish triumph, passed

upward.

"Too low, by a couple of inches!"

said a low, calm voice at the settler's

elbow.

Branson started as though he himself

had been shot.

Where had this man come from? Who

was he?

Neither had seen him approach.

But there was no time for explana-

tions.

The stranger, a man rather below than

above the ordinary height, whose face

was pale and thin, and whose eyes

glazed with a cold, calculating light,

stepped forward a few paces, and firmly

plunged his left foot in advance, threw

up the unusually long rifle, as though

preparing to fire.

"For God's sake, stranger, be careful

of my child!" cried Branson, while he

agonized mother uttered an audible

prayer.

"It is our only chance. I know that

Indian," was the quick reply; and the

stranger, who had been so long in the

deadly peril of his little one, was

drawn back to look at the critical

moment had come.

By this time the Indian had nearly

reached the summit of the steep. That

he was wounded